

FOUR HOBOES MAKE TRIP TO ARMS PARLEY FROM SEATTLE FIND WASHINGTON IS UNFRIENDLY TO KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD

SIDE-DOOR PULLMANS AND BLIND BAGGAGES BRING "DELEGATES"

"Lloyd George and Mc Attended Oxford Together," Says "Professor" Whose Nimble Wit Provided "Eats" and Lemon Extract for the Party, "While General Diaz and I Run a Macaroni Plantation Near Naples Before the War. And I Fought With Marshal Foch on the Fields of France."

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story was written by a traveling man—a hobo—who made the trip here from Seattle, Wash., on various and sundry freight trains. Why?—He explains below.

THERE were four of us gathered about a little fire down in the jungles on the outskirts of Seattle. The Spanish Kid was passing the lemon extract, Slim was telling the story of how he was a bartender one time and Texas Bob was stirring the mulligan (beef stew). We were all deciding upon the next town we would grace with our presence. "Texas" wanted to beat it for California over the O. R. & N. The Kid was strong for Canada and Slim was saying something about Georgia, when there was a loud crashing in the bushes and the Professor stood in our midst.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he murmurs. "I just dropped off No. 8 and seeing the light of your fire, I drifts down to see if some good soul would join me in an alcohol highball." With that he produces a quart bottle nearly full of "white liner" and he receives a royal welcome. About a half hour later, we had drank the Professor's booze and was listening to him telling about the wonderful things that were going to happen at the limitation of armament conference in Washington.

"I am going to view the proceedings," he says. "Nothing would please me better than to have you gentlemen accompany me on the trip. I fought with Marshal Foch on the fields of France, Lloyd George and I attended Oxford together, while General Diaz and I ran a macaroni plantation in Naples, before the war. I will introduce them to you, my friends. They will help me with money and we will all live in clover."

"I was in Washington years ago," said Slim, "and I don't like the town."

"What was the matter with it?" "They're sore on the laboring man. Why they wouldn't even let me in the saloons. I used to be a coal miner and, would you believe it, every saloon in Washington had a sign on the door reading, 'No Minors Allowed.' I fooled them, though."

"How?" "I told all the bartenders I was a hod carrier."

LIKE ALL MINORS.

The Professor told Slim that Washington bootleggers thought a great deal of minors, and at last we all agreed to visit the Capital of the Nation and meet the Professor's swell friends. We drifted out around midnight, sprawled out on the rods beneath a car on something they called a Northern Pacific Limited. The shacks on that train sure did hute bums. They stopped it every five minutes to ditch us. They tosses us off the rods and we climb back on the blind. They invites us to go away from there and we toddles up on the tops and enjoys a forty-mile foot race with them back and forth over the sprawling pullmans. At last they got tired and we drops off when the train is drawing into the yards at Spokane and beats it for the jungles.

"Now to panhandle the cats," said Texas.

"Kindly leave that to me, gentlemen," insisted the Professor. "If you will all make yourselves look as neat as possible, I guarantee to provide each of you with a repast as at the best cafe in town."

"You must have money," said Slim.

"Not a penny, but I have bugs." "I suspected it," murmurs Slim. "There is only one condition," continues the Professor. "Each man must order at least three times the amount of food he thinks he can eat."

"As far as I am concerned there ain't that much victuals in the world," remarks the Kid.

We all decide to take a chance so we primp up and follows the Professor into the city. He leads us to one of the swellest dumps in the burg and I began to wonder how the jills were in Spokane, when I sit down to the table. The professor begins by ordering a large porterhouse steak, breaded veal cutlets with tomato sauce, sliced tomatoes, hash brown potatoes, egg plant, hot cakes and coffee. The Kid looked at him with admiring eyes. Slim pushed back his chair and meowed

the distance to the door while the Texas Bob made funny noises in his throat. The Professor pushed the bill of fare to me, but I was too weak to take it and muttered that all I wanted was a glass of water. Our host frowned and told the waiter to repeat the same order for each of us.

REGULAR CHOW. It takes three men and a boy to bring the food back to us. We sees cops, handcuffs and steel bars mixed up in our futures, but we were in for it and we started at the eats.

When we had finished about a third of the food, the Professor holds up a warning finger. "Don't eat another mouthful on your life," he whispers mysteriously. We all stops kind of sudden like and watches the Professor, as he takes a little "i can from his pocket. He takes off the lid and we sees that the can is full of dead roaches. Like they was so many diamonds, he drops a roach here and there in the food that is left remaining on the plates. Then he raises to his feet and assumes that position made famous by Napoleon and George Washington. The waiter comes forward.

"My good man," says the Professor, "how do you expect a gentleman to eat that sort of food?" "What's the trouble with it?" "Look at the bugs."

"I am looking at you." "Pray don't grow impertinent. I mean the bugs in the food." The waiter takes a look and sees the dead roaches flitting with the porterhouse steaks.

"I beg your pardon," he mutters kind of dazed like. "I'll repeat the orders at once."

"You will do nothing of the kind. After what has happened, we could not eat in this establishment. Come gentlemen." With these words, the Professor marches to the door and we follow meekly in his wake, while the waiter stands there, groggy.

I've hiked many miles in the years I have been on the road, but the distance from that table to the door was the longest I ever tackled. I know it took me nine years to reach the entrance and then it took me and the rest of us about three seconds to cover the four miles to the jungles. I looked back once to see if we was followed and I saw the Professor calmly looking at some diamond rings in the window of a jewelry store. He showed up in the jungles about an hour later and I'm wondering how he got hold of that quart of moonshine he pulled out of his coat pocket. I'm willing to bet that he used more roaches.

FIREMAN HAD CONTROL. We laid up in the jungles all day, recovering our nerves. We got on a blind baggage of a limited that night and hadn't been riding ten minutes before the fireman discovered us and began to test his eyesight by throwing some very hard lumps of soft coal in our direction. Believe me the boss of the Washington baseball club should know about that fireman. He had plenty of speed and a world of control. I know because he threw ten lumps of coal at my right eye and registered a hit every time.

The train was going about fifty miles an hour it seemed kind of foolish to drop off. We just stood there and took our medicine until a little mound of coal had collected at our feet. Then we let the fireman have it. One chunk caught him in the nose and he beat it for the protection of the cab. He let us alone after that, but there was more trouble in store for us.

The train we were on was a con-

NO BANDS MET THESE "DELEGATES" TO THE CONFERENCE



Watchful Waiting.

tinental limited and she had no time to waste. She don't even hesitate for water, but takes it on the fly from a wooden trough between the rails. If you have ever clung to a blind baggage when the train takes water going at fifty miles an hour, you know what happened to us. We were covered from head to foot with flying spray and it took about three seconds for that spray to freeze. You talk about Theda Bara being cold, why fellows she's a raging volcano compared with the frozen exterior we presented to the world.

About ten years later, the train slows down in the yards at Helena, Montana, and we falls off. After we had broken our clothes to pieces with railroad spikes, we built a fire and began to wonder what kind of punishment we could hand out to the Professor. It was snowing hard and we crouched close to the fire and cursed him and his swell friends. The Professor suggested we try the cockroach scheme for breakfast and Texas hit him with a chunk of coal he had been saving to give to the first fireman he saw.

A BUNDLE OF DOG MEAT.

We hung around the fire until our clothes had dried and then we started out to panhandle the cats. Each one took a different direction and all met back in the jungles about an hour or so later. Slim had a bundle of dog meat, he had jumped in a grocery store. Texas produced four potatoes and two loaves of punk (bread). Joe had some punk and cold meat, he contributed a pound of java and we forgave the Professor when he laid three bottles of lemon extract down by the fire. More wood was heaped on the fire. Cans were secured and bet soon we were gulping down mouthfuls of steaming mulligan. This was generously flavored with lemon extract and once more we felt at peace with the world.

I don't know how it happened, but when we climbed inside of an empty freight car on a train that night, there wasn't a match on the bunch of us. Now when a bum travels without a match, he gets in the boob class and we cursed each other when we discovered our plight. At first we decides to jump off and beat it back to town, the Professor kicks at this and so we stick it out. We crept off to one end of the car and laid down on the floor, trying to keep each other warm with our bodies. All night long we lays there in the darkness while the train rattles and jerks her way across the broad State of Montana.

With the first gray streaks of dawn, I wakes and prepares to warm up by walking up and down the car. I takes one step and then I stops still mighty sudden. Little shivers of horror run up and



The "Bo" at top is just swinging off a side door Pullman near the Eckington yards to escape a welcoming committee of "Fly Cops." The gant below is peacefully resting on the rods oblivious of danger.

down my spine and I feels my complexion growing pale. Less than two feet from where I'm standing, the floor of the car ends in space and I looks down to see the whirling wheels and the flying tracks. Man, sir, that car, with the exception of a few boards here and there, didn't have no more foundation than William J. Bryan's campaign speeches. If one of us globe trotters had of happened to drift around in the darkness the previous night, those railroad tracks would have looked like the I. W. W. had been trying to paint the roadbed of the Northern Pacific a brilliant red.

I wakes up the boys and show them the hole and even the Professor mumbles about "going away from huns."

We gets off mighty careful at a little hick burg and bumps into a gang of boes stewing a mulligan down in the jungles. They shared it with us and after a social hour or two, we hops on the blind of an express that had stopped to take water. We stuck to her all that day and most of the night. Nothing much happens during the next two days. It will be enough to say that we arrives in St. Paul in good condition and gets out of there the same night on the Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. We hits Chi-

cago the next morning with the weather flirting around zero.

Some wise gink has hired a big loft room in a building down by the stock yards. He puts a big stove in the center of the room and then marks off spaces on the floor with chalk. For a nickle you can rent one of these spaces and flop (sleep) on it for a night. We got wise to this joint and sticks there for three nights. We would have stayed longer only Texas starts a fight one night cause some strange hobos came into his room without knocking, and the boss throws us out.

A NICKLE SHOP.

We have a great time in Chicago at that. Just think of it. Booze at fifteen cents a throw and that four per cent fanny stuff at a jitney a crack. If prohibition is a law, then Chicago ain't in the United States. We lost the Spanish Kid there. In vain the Professor told him how he would live on velvet after we reached Washington. Nothing doing. The Kid said he was going to get a job as a policeman and settle down in heaven for the rest of his life.

With booze in every pocket, we drifted out of Chi. on the trucks of a train on the B. and O. The bunch of us were feeling pretty gay and I don't know how we managed to stick on as long as we did. We dropped off at Newark, Ohio. The jungles there held us until the last

drop of booze had gone. Then we grabbed a rattler and woke up just as it was pulling into the yards at Cumberland, Md. That was another live burg. It seemed as if every housewife there was just waiting in the kitchen door for some bum to show up and ask for something to eat. We spent two days and nights there and lived on the fat of the land.

THE CAPITAL'S SIGHTS.

We drifts out of Cumberland last Monday evening and arrives here in the cold grey dusk of the next morning. Just outside Union Station, a colored man comes up to us and asks us if we wanted to see Shorty. It kind of puzzled us at first and then Slim guessed that Shorty must be connected with Foch's staff. He tells the colored gent to lead us to him. He does. He takes us up a dark alley and then produces a bottle of something he calls whiskey and wants two dollars and a half. Slim knocks him down, grabs the bottle and we runs.

We stops in a park to take a drink and that is the first time I ever tasted cold tea. They sure have strange customs in the East.

We lands on Pennsylvania Avenue and views the beauties of that thoroughfare for the first time. Slim was for beating it up to the French headquarters and getting acquaint-

ed with Mr. Foch at once, but the Professor says that it's only proper that we should get a front first. We were getting mighty hungry along about then and Texas asks a fat man in front of the Peace monument to stake him to the price of a meal.

"Beat it up town," says the fat guy. "I'm working this part of the town myself. You guys must be strangers here." We admits he is correct and he puts us wise to the ropes.

"It's kind of tough panhandling for coin," he says, "but you can get plenty to eat any where in the town. There the mission up on Four-and-a-half street. You can always get a flop and something to eat there. The Municipal Lodging House will let you flop there for three nights, if you get in before 10 o'clock and don't mind splitting wood the next morning and then there's the 'Stepping Stone and the Central Union Mission.'"

Texas proudly tells him that we are going to be the honored guests of Marshall Foch that evening and we wanders off, leaving him sitting weakly down on the curb. Well, we needs breakfast and we starts hitting the doorbells. Slim pulls one bell and the woman next door pokes her head out of the window and tells us that Policeman Oresch

BUGS AID "BOES" TO GET FOOD

"Professor" Uses Ingenious Ruse to Provide Meals for Hungry Travelers on Long Jaunt From Coast to Coast.

had just left for the police court. We moves away from there quickly. A lady living on Indiana avenue gives us an invite to come in the kitchen and fill up and we did so. After that we seeks around for a front. We ask them for some old clothes at the Salvation Army Headquarters, but they wanted to ask us too many questions that we couldn't answer.

THE HERO HIMSELF.

We holds a conference at Seventh and the Avenue and decides to go up to see Marshall Foch looking just like we was. The Professor seems mighty reluctant to do so, but he consents when Texas threatens to beat him up, if he don't come along. Just then there was wild cheering from the crowds and an automobile comes dashing madly up the avenue. There's a gentleman wearing a bunch of badges, on his chest, leaning back in the car and the crowds are waving their hands and yelling.

"Who is he," asks the Professor of one of the crowd. "That's Marshall Foch," comes the answer and the Professor turns pale. "Thought you knew your old friend when you seen him," says Slim.

"That ain't the same Foch I fought with in France," mutters the Professor and only the crowd saved his life. Slim got him by the throat and was going to kill him right then and there, but the bunch interfered. Dragging the Professor to the corner, we demands an explanation. The Professor hasn't got one and when we get him down to brass tacks he just comes out and admits that he's some fancy liar.

"So you don't even know Lloyd George," asked Texas.

"No," mutters the Professor. "And you never eat macaroni with General Diaz," yelled Slim. "N-No," mumbled the Professor. "Well all I got to say is that I'd rather have your talent for lying than a license to steal," says Slim. PICKS THE WRONG HORSE.

We holds another conference and decides to spare the Professor's life on the condition that he does the bumming for eats and flops for the crowd during our brief stay in Washington. The Professor gladly agrees, and, closely followed by Slim, he begins his tale of woe to folks on the Avenue. He collects about a dollar when Slim gets ambitious and thinks he'll try his hand himself. He picks out a kindly looking gentleman who was standing on the curb and begins to tell him about the horrors he went through fighting in France. The kindly gent turns out to be Lieutenant Bremerman of the Fourth Precinct and he rests a fatherly hand on Slim's shoulder and invites him to drift up to Police Headquarters. Slim accepts reluctantly and they disappears in the crowd.

The Professor comes back and the three of us down our sorrows in a bottle of bitters. That night we slept at the Mission and after getting a breakfast from a nice old lady in a house on Third street, we sauntered over to the Police Court to see how Slim's case would come out.

There was sure some bunch lined up to meet their fate. Most of them were just plain cases of drunks, and from the appearance of the drinkers, gasoline must be a favorite beverage with the rum-hounds in Washington. Slim's name was called at last and the Judge looks him over with critical eyes. The charge was read and Slim takes the stand.

"What have you to say," asks the Judge.

"Nothing," answers Slim. "Ever been before me up here before?"

"No, Sir."

"Your face seems very familiar to me."

"Maybe that's because I used to be a bartender."

"Guilty, sixty days."

Slim was led back and we marched mournfully from the court-room. That night we slept at the Municipal Lodging House and the next morning we chopped up wood for two hours. I want to admit right here that the Municipal Lodging House don't stand so high with us.

We found it no trouble to get plenty of eats the next day. We just loafed around having a good time and letting the Professor panhandle the booze money. We lost the Spanish Kid in Chi. and Slim in Washington and now we are going to beat it away from this man's town before something happens to separate the rest of us.